

RUTGERS REVIEW

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The **New Depression** **Goya's Dark Dreams**

Toxic Avenger

Rock for Obama

Seal Club

Dinosaurs



RUTGERS REVIEW

October
2008

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Dear Readers,

VOTE

Just do it. Wake up November 4th, grab yourself a cup of coffee and head on over to any of the polls scattered around this fine city of ours. They open at 8:00am so there's no excuse. Don't go back to your room after class and diddle around on the internet for two hours. Facebook will be there tomorrow. Trust me.

Don't have anytime between classes? Grab a leather jacket and be a rebel that period by being 20 minutes late. "Hey Teach, I'm splitsville. Gonna hit up the polls with my crew, daddio. See ya on the flipside! Eyyyyy." Say that verbatim, and you'll be in the clear.

But seriously, go for it. Either way, we get a new president. At least pretend you have some sort of say in the process (thanks voter fraud!).

See ya!

-Dave Rothstadt
Editor-in-chief



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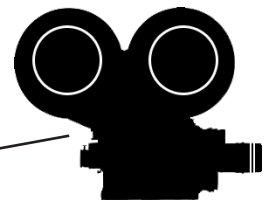
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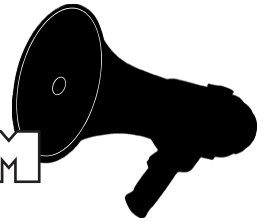
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Mindszenty Square: Relics of the Past and Present

By Vicky Cheng
& Dan Hoopes

Obscured by the parked cars and commotion of downtown New Brunswick, a weathered green sign stands near the corner of Somerset and Plum. Slightly bent, with faded white lettering, it reminds those passing by that this intersection has been designated Mindszenty Square, in honor of the Cardinal of Hungarian heritage responsible for consecrating the church that stands there today. Along with a plaque commemorating the 1955 Hungarian revolution, and a statue of the man himself, this unlikely monument to Hungarian culture is a tribute to a

thriving Hungarian neighborhood that once surrounded it.

New Brunswick once contained an entire quarter of New Jersey's Hungarian population. Today, Hungarians are spread out through Middlesex County, but they keep New Brunswick a focal point of local Hungarian culture. The people that once lived here have left behind a

legacy of their cultural contribution to the city. The Hungarian Heritage Center, run by the American Hungarian Foundation, is on Somerset Street within walking distance of Hungarian Meats and Deli and the Magyar Reformed Church.

"Originally, the boundaries of the Hungarian neighborhood probably extended to French Street, Somerset, Bayard, Hamilton and Plum," says Katalin Pintz a former Highland Park resident who is currently pursuing a thesis on

"Hanging in the gallery, the vivid colors bring us back to centuries of Hungarian life, along with the tastes, themes, and attitudes of the people they were meant to communicate with."

Hungarian Studies, "[And] there was a Hungarian restaurant in the area, [too] but it was torn down during the hospital expansion."

Though the community has shrunk in size, its history still echoes the streets. For instance, from March 16th to September 14th the Hungarian Heritage Center held a special, first-time exhibition of *Hungarian Poster Art Throughout the 20th Century*. Andre Farkas, of Norwalk Connecticut, immigrated to America around the time of the 1956 Revolution. He amassed the collection over his lifetime beginning with his fascination with colorful sports advertisements as a child. Storing these early mementos in an attic until later in his life, he rediscovered the art form and began regularly attending auctions to build up his collection. Today his posters represent prominent movements and styles of Hungarian culture through posters for movies, sports, and advertisements. Hanging in the gallery, the vivid colors bring us back to centuries of Hungarian life, along with the tastes, themes, of the people they were meant to with. These historical relics of culture range from postage miniatures safely encased in to tapestry-esque, floor-to- And while the illustrations draw each intricate detail, these posters aesthetically pleasing mosaics Hungarian language, whether a a political campaign, is every bit a as are the pictures. The beautiful and around the characters, splashing across subjects, depicting both information and art.

and attitudes communicate Hungarian stamp-sized glass displays ceiling sheets. attention to don't just boast of color; the movie tagline or part of the poster text winds in



Hungarian Immigrant, Andre Farkas



The New Depression:

Trying to find Hope in the Past

By Eric Weinstein

This isn't the Great Depression. During the Depression, my Grandfather had to leave school so he could help his family. He started to build and repair radios and he didn't get his GED until 1979. He was 61. This situation is serious, however, but have faith that some things were done right, even if they were done very hastily and somewhat clumsily.

Economists strongly believe that one of the reasons the Panic of 1929 led to the Great Depression was because the Federal Reserve had restricted the market's liquidity, allowing for 2/5 of the nation's banks to go under, causing a significant loss of money and unemployment leading to the perpetuation of the recession for a decade.

The Treasury Department's \$700 billion bailout plan is the result of learning from the past, or the penicillin injection for what Stephen Colbert elegantly called, "business syphilis." Its goal is to restore

faith in Wall Street and allow liquidity amongst banks with federal backing. It's liquid courage for Wall Street! Trust and confidence is what the Market needs right now, but what is disappointing about the bill is that *it's not working...yet*. Americans still watch as stocks fall worldwide and more Americans lose their jobs. The panic hasn't slowed down and the plan hasn't kicked in. Some are already asking if the bill is capable of restoring confidence, even if the revised bill has taxpayer benefits. "There is so much division about the bill," says investment banker and adviser, Peter Solomon, "[The government's] united the country, but they've united it against the bill."

But the panic should not be founded upon the bill, but upon our leadership- a leadership, that is hopefully changing for the better. We need to restore trust in this country somehow, because my Grandfather told me Radio wasn't a very lucrative business anymore.

"My Goodies, My Goodies, My Goodies, Not My Goodies!"

Compiled by Merichelle Villapando

Adding to the circus that is the '08 election, a combo of our capitalist and materialistic values culminated to produce some of the most ridiculous election goods ever. If I had to make a goodie bag of the most outrageous campaign products of '08, here are a couple of party favors I would personally include...

Introducing the Sarah Palin Label: Since Palin came into the scene, *SP Wigs* ranging from \$45-\$115 dollars have flown off the shelves, as well as her \$300 *eye glasses* and *red peep toed shoes*. Evil seems to always sells better nowadays, and nothing sells better than evil around Halloween time!

Da da da da da...Obama-Man! From the *Sarah Palin Action Figure* to *Obama and McCain Comic Books*, politicians are out to 'save' the American people. Does Obama's minority army stand a chance against McCain's wrinkly old posse?

For the Kids: Don't know what to get little Tommy or Sue for their five year old birthday party? Pick up the *Obama Monkey Sock Puppet* or the *Pregnant Cindy McCain Doll*. Bring Obama Waffles instead of chip and dip, much more original.



Palin Wig

Cindy McCain Doll



McCain and Obama Comics



Obama Sock Puppet

Groups taken for Granted

By Merichelle Villapando

I can't think of a better time to be a woman and a minority and a Democrat and over the age of eighteen, really, I can't. I'm twenty years old and I will not have exercised my right to vote until this year. I, like the fresh, 1.5+ million young people registered to vote, are ready for the type of change that's bigger than myself and my body, that is part of a national momentum that has swept this country, and arguably, as seen through the current economic crisis, the world. For once, it doesn't matter who you are, male, female, black, white, young, old, the '08 election is made for you, because finally, it is the election that defines modern day America.

Obama attested back in '07, "I think we have to acknowledge the power of culture in affecting how our kids see themselves and the decisions they make." In the past, politics never infiltrated the mainstream. Politics were meant for old people, poli sci. junkies, or politicians (obviously), and so politics remained boring, senseless, and too complex to care about.

It was hard to stay apathetic when the biggest wtf moment of our lives occurred again-when Bush was elected once more. It was harder even so, to stay apathetic when the war dragged on and more natural disasters occurred. Apathy was replaced with

The election became an obsession, and Americans, addicts. Obama and McCain were being compared to Hamlet and Macbeth, to characters in *Pride and Prejudice*, to superheroes and villains, boxers, to everyone.

something deeper, and something we all pretended didn't exist. *Fear*. Fear that maybe life was getting a lot more fucked up than usual and that maybe there'd be no one to save us....shit.

With the entrance of 2008, however, something happened. The election became an obsession, and Americans, addicts. Obama and McCain were being compared to Hamlet and Macbeth, to characters in *Pride and Prejudice*, to superheroes and villains, boxers, to everyone. Obama started appearing outside of the traditional news-centric magazines and popping up on covers like *Rolling Stone* and *Vibe*. Only a couple of weeks ago Bon Jovi

came to NJ to hold a

concert to endorse Obama, and P.Diddy began sporting gear like his "I love Michelle Obama" tee the other day on the DK season finale. *We the People*, on the west coast and *Barack Rock* on the east coast, are a few major concerts that have gotten big names like Murs, RZA, and Andrew Bird to perform and help get young kids like us to vote. Politics have transcended musical genres from songs like Nas's *Black President* "I think Obama provides/Hope and challenges minds/ Of all races and colors to erase the hate...." to John Mayer's *Waiting on the World to Change* found on Obama's cd. The *Yes We Can* cd is meant to hit on the three themes of Obama's: hope, unity, and change, and ultimately proves that music can be the universal language of Americans. Politics have even hit the run way. From *Elle* to *Ebony*, the potential leading ladies have graced the pages of women's magazines, not failing readers in providing an astute mixture of the superficial with the serious. Even Clinton and Palin have gotten the fashion world buzzin', from Hilary Clinton's *Sisterhood of the Traveling Pantsuits* to Palin's infamous peep-toe-red-designer-heeled shoes.

What is this strange phenomenon that has swept America? Nationalism. That seems like a strange word to use in the 20th century, but it fits. Defined to be "a sense of...consciousness...to place primary emphasis in the promotion of the country's culture and interest" nationalism has seeped into the everyday lives of everyday Americans. With the election of 2008 almost over, let's just hope a relapse into fear and apathy is not on the horizon, and that hope, unity, change, and pride, is.



TATTOOS & PIERCINGS

By Daniel Larkins

Painful body-changing fetishism adorn the figures of young, old, black, white, male and female. What else do you call those manifestations—those pieces of metal jammed into your skin or the permanent colored poison, needled through the surface of your flesh? *Revolver* and *InkSanity* are two local companies that thrive upon these superficially masochistic practices.

Think of a metal “T” inside of your knuckle for example, but only a bit of the vertical part is outside your skin. This new, controversial and arguably, disgusting piercing is the “microdermal” implant, whose process involves cutting a slit in the skin and inserting a small bar that is primarily covered by skin, but with a small part of the piece sticking out. Neither *InkSanity* nor *Revolver* performs this piercing. However, surface piercing, which is a less extreme version of this, is common enough to have a price quote on the *InkSanity* website.

Most people who get tattoos do not get pierced, but in general RU students are more likely to get pierced than tattooed. Both sexes get pierced but women get pierced more often, and according to artist Tom Carroll and body piercer Peso at *InkSanity*, African-American females are the most popular piercing customer.

According to *Revolver* body piercer Todd Di Popolo, tattoo and

piercing enthusiasts share a common social network, resulting in the shared location for tattoos and piercing. The shared counterculture as well means where there are tattoos, they may likely be piercing.

To become a body piercer or tattoo artist, an apprenticeship is required. Apprentices may pay from \$1,500 to \$10,000 for their schooling, says artist Tom Carroll of *InkSanity*. Lasting between six to eighteen months, the apprentice

learns the details of their desired trade by watching the professional they choose to work with. Some tattoo

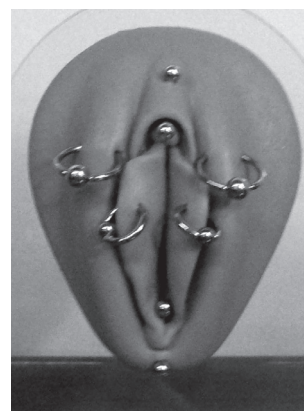
artists may practice on their body to perfect a technique or simply experiment.

In addition to *Revolver* and *InkSanity*, a tattoo artist by the name of Zudy operates independently in New Brunswick. Ask around to learn more. Remember, Tattoo artists are artists. They prefer personal, custom, one-of-a-kind work therefore, the beauty of their work will more vividly present itself on your body if you work with the artist. Prices usually start around \$25 for a simple piercing, and around \$50 for a tattoo. Tattoos and piercing are a relatively inexpensive form of permanent self-expression. Visit revolvertattoo.com and inksanitytattoo.com for more information.

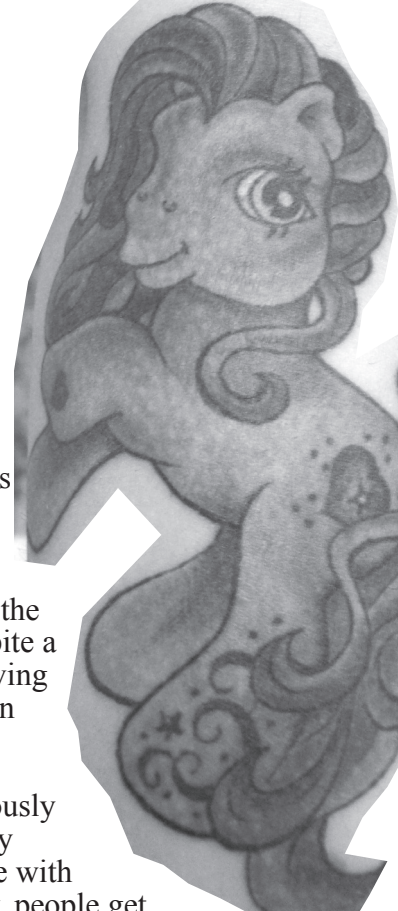
Once unusual activities attract many participants, they become less weird. The growth of the subculture of body art and body piercing, which

mirrors subcultures of musical taste, means the subculture will silently bleed into the mainstream. Despite a long history involving no violence, certain religions scorn tattoos and many employers consciously and subconsciously refuse to hire those with visible ink. Today, people get tattoos because they think it’s cool, for self-expression and to illuminate an element of their life story. There’s all different types of tattoos, from whole sleeves, massive pictures, and portraits, to miniature lettering and script. Types of piercing on the other hand, are less diverse as a whole, but some stand out.

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Model of genitalia piercings





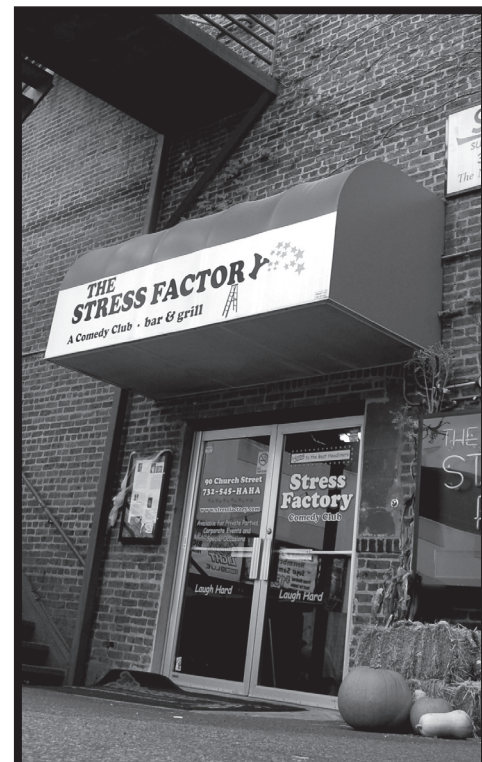
THE STRESS FACTORY

By Danielle Rochford
Photos By Chris McGuigan

If laughter is the best medicine, then a night at the Stress Factory will alleviate all your tension. Located at 90 Church Street right between the parking garage and Panico's Pizza, the Stress Factory is just a bus ride away for Rutgers students. For over ten years, residents of New Brunswick and its surrounding areas have been entertained at this prestigious comedy club, and it has become a favorite of Rutgers' students.

Famous comedians such as Tracey Morgan, Chris Rock, Denis Leary and Rich Vos have all performed in this venue. One great aspect of the comedy club is that it features "up-and-coming" comedians for a fractional price. There is a two drink minimum or you can choose to buy food instead from a menu that boasts the best burgers in town and a variety of other choices to appease your appetite. Before the show officially starts, an insulting robot-camera films unsuspecting audience members and flashes jokes about them on screen. This entertaining opening demonstrates the audience-interactive setting and comfortable atmosphere.

A local favorite is the occasional Wednesday Open Mic Night, which attracts local performers to see if they have what it takes to be a comedian. Performances are always Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 p.m. and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. Show times are subject to change and there are often additional shows added earlier in the week. Shows normally last about an hour and a half to an hour and forty-five minutes. It is recommended to buy tickets in advance, as Friday and Saturday performances often sell out. Tickets are available through their website at www.stressfactory.com as well as by phone at 732-545-4242. Come early as seating is first come, first serve.



The Stress Factory, 90 Church St.

6 THINGS TO DO UNDER 21

By Abira Sengupta

The ages between 18 and 21 are odd—suddenly you're too old to just walk around the mall, but still too young to go to bars. In a city with a thriving nightlife like New Brunswick, it sometimes seems as though there is absolutely nothing for the younger college crowd to do. Luckily, that's not true.

1 If you need your sushi fix, go to Hotoke, a restaurant, lounge and sushi bar located on George Street. With a low key, comfortable vibe and an energy that increases late into the night, Hotoke offers both a lounge area as well as a sophisticated place to dine. It serves contemporary Asian cuisine with affordable entrees starting at \$20. Thursday nights (when the college crowd stops by) are the nights to be there.

<http://hotokerestaurant.com>

2 If you're in the mood for some old-time Southern hospitality and exceptional food, check out Delta's Restaurant in downtown New Brunswick

where they serve fine Southern cuisine along with live entertainment. Enjoy some jazz, R&B and old school tunes while you dine. The shows usually start at 9:30 p.m., and the best nights to go are Friday and Saturday.

<http://deltarestaurant.com>

3 For something a little different, check out the Kairo Kafe on Bayard Street, featuring a Mediterranean inspired cuisine for reasonable prices. In addition to exotic food, the Kairo Kafe also offers hookah and belly dancing. Diners are more than welcome to join in the dancing and festivities.

<http://kairokafe.com>

4 Music lovers should head to Church Street to check out the Court Tavern—New Brunswick's longest running live music venue, it showcases local and national talent. Featuring punk, rock, and indie music, big bands like The Bouncing Souls and The Replacements have gotten their start on that stage. Tickets for shows are usually between \$5 and \$20,

with Rutgers students often getting free admission. <http://myspace.com/thecourtavern>

5 For a night of theater, check out New Brunswick's Theater District. The George Street Playhouse, State Theater and Crossroads Theater provide a variety of musicals, plays, concerts and dance productions. For information on upcoming shows, visit either of their web sites.

<http://georgestreetplayhouse.com>

<http://statetheater.com>

<http://crossroadstheatrecompany.org>

6 If you're just in the mood for a nice, quiet day, check out Buccleuch Park. Located between the Raritan River and Easton Avenue, Buccleuch Park is home to athletic fields, rock and flower gardens, picnic areas, and the Buccleuch Mansion. It's even great for sledding and ice skating during the winter months. The park is a perfect place to get away from the hustle and bustle, to study, or relax.



FRENCH HIP-HOP

Imitation or Creation?

By Merichelle Villapando

"Kiffe: is French slang that means to love—or be absolutely crazy about—someone or something," describes the brochure for "I Kiffe NY: French Urban Cultures Festival." The festival celebrates French hip hop culture in all its forms, visually, artistically, and physically. From documentaries to art galleries showcasing urban culture, I hopped on a train to the upper east side of Manhattan, wondering, how would French hip hop taste compared to American hip hop?

What's hotter than spittin' out rhymes? Spittin' out rhymes in French! At least, so I thought. "Slame, ce qui nous brule" translated to mean "Slam That Burns" documents the underground culture of slam poetry. Termed "poetry a capella" slam is akin to a rap without beats. Transcending social and economics barriers, "slammeurs" come together to simply share their works with each other, so as everyone from Parisians to country side teenagers huddle in cafes across France to celebrate the spoken word. Marc Smith, who founded the first slam session in Chicago attests, "Instead of sitting reverently listening, slam gives the audience permission to respond negatively if they want to [to the poetry]" thus creating an open dialogue between the artist and the audience.

Besides obvious parallels to rap, including free verse composition, a history of channeling suppressed emotions, and having its roots in the "bonlieues" (French ghettos) slam culture has yet to distinguish its own cultural identity, different from the imitation of rap. The beauty of slam is that it can be about anything, the ugliness of slam is that it can be about anything. Missing the genres that diversify and characterize rap, such as gangsta rap or rap rock, for instance, slamming fails to materialize as an independent culture—at least for now. Furthermore, while rap is admired for its distinguishing characteristics of beats and the inversion of words, I criticize the majority of "slammeurs" who don't bring slam to its potential, ironic when the French language itself probably possesses

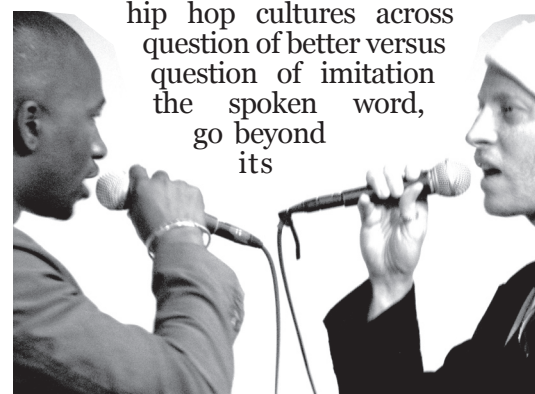
more rhyming words than our own English language! Though impressively, after the documentary was shown, a "slammeur" made me realize the beauty of the French language that the English language can never have, freestylin' into a mic with a French swagger most "slammeurs" do not have, but should definitely aspire to.

Yet French breakers prove that they can make break dancing their own, culminating in an impressive performance called "Accrorap." Incorporating traditional break moves like head-spins, backflips, and freezes, the troupe Frenchified their performance by dancing to, not just DJ'd beats, but violins and other instrumentals you'd hear at a Parisian, in other words, to very 'French' music. Impressively, one dancer, illuminated in green spotlight, imitated the resuscitation of the heart, body part by body part. He first popped his fingers, then his chest. Then fingers, hands, and chest. Until his whole body was poppin' in synchronization with a heart-beat.

Though the choreography was rooted from the American streets, "Accrorap" proves that French dancers throw down just as hard as American dancers.

When comparing French hip hop to American hip hop it is hard to not think after all, is the mother of the world. However, the best comes down to the and creation. While surprisingly, still has yet to its limits, at least in body language, French hip hop heads can shake their booties just as well as a Harlem vixen. Well, maybe.

Slame, ce qui nous brule



THIS MONTH IN FILM HISTORY

By Cathleen Burrows

A Nightmare on Elm Street

Everyone has heard of the murderous, horror movie character Freddy Krueger. He has become a symbol of horror movie pop culture, and has been a great Halloween costume for years. Freddy Krueger and his story originated in the movie *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, released on Nov. 16, 1984. It was written and directed by one of the great masters of horror films, Wes Craven. Craven also directed the three *Scream* movies and the original version of *The Hills Have Eyes*.

A Nightmare on Elm Street is centered on Freddy Krueger (Robert Englund), and his prey, Nancy Thompson (Heather Langenkamp). Freddy is a serial killer who targets, molests, and kills children. After being let off by a judge, a mob of the victims' angry parents corner Freddy in a boiler room and burn him alive. But Freddy comes back for revenge and plots to kill the children of his murderers by attacking them in their sleep while they dream. Nancy and her friends, (one of whom is played by Johnny Depp) have nightmares of Freddy and cannot fall asleep until they find a way to destroy him.

It is an iconic piece of horror movie history and gives

its audience a good scare. Today cheep horror movies are only filled with blood and gore. *A Nightmare on Elm Street* has its share of gore, but for a low-budget horror movie it uses much more sophisticated means of scaring people. It creates fear in its audience on a psychological level. The idea of being killed in our dreams, which is a real and strange phenomenon, is extremely frightening. The character Freddy Krueger invokes a lot of fear. He is a man with severe burns covering his face and wears a glove with long blades attached to it. During the movie, Craven rarely lets the audience see Freddy, which makes him seem mysterious and forces the audience to rely on their imaginations. It's a scary movie, but it's not the best. The acting, on the part of Nancy and her friends is mediocre, and the ending is pretty bogus. However, if you are looking for an entertaining horror movie to watch while snuggling on the couch with the lights off, *A Nightmare on Elm Street* is a terrific bet.





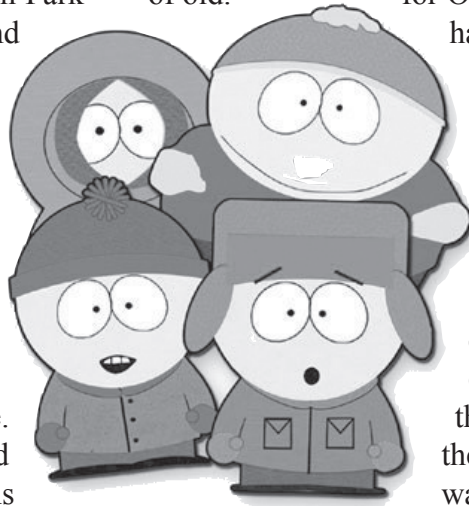
Oh My God! They Killed Kenny!

And Mesmerized America Since 1997

By Ben Kukainis

South Park, the genius cartoon comedy created by Matt Stone and Trey Parker, is now in its second half of season twelve. The mid-season premiere, "The China Problem," focuses on Cartman's fear of the Chinese after watching the opening ceremonies of the Olympics in Beijing, as well as the new Indiana Jones film, in which Indie gets raped over and over again by Stephen Spielberg and George Lucas. It was an episode not terrible, but a far cry away from the *South Park* of old.

The year is 1992: Matt Stone and Trey Parker, students at the University of Colorado, meet in a film class and create cartoon shorts titled "Jesus vs. Frosty," and "Jesus vs. Santa." These became the building blocks for *South Park*. Though their resources were limited to construction paper, they managed to create not only a cartoon, but an entire world. The shock value of the show combined with mediocre animation was the driving force that made *South Park* so unique. It was a cartoon. And they said "Fuck!" and "Shit!" In 1997, as a kid, that was so cool. As the show trucked on, *South Park* garnered more and more fans. But what was once a dirty and cheap cartoon about eight year-old boys and their lives in Colorado, slowly morphed into a show of substance—a show that taught a lesson in sick and twisted ways. If the name Scott Tenorman (of episode 69) is on your mind...good. It should be.



But Stone and Parker pushed the envelope, and soon enough, *South Park* was being monitored by the watchful eye of the media for "inappropriate" content in episodes like "All About Mormons," "Red Hot Catholic Love," "The Jeffersons," and "Two Days Before the Day After Tomorrow." Although absolutely hilarious, these episodes were viewed by many as offensive. But let's be realistic here, the show has been nominated seven times for Outstanding Animated Program at the Emmys and has won twice. Yeah it may be offensive, but get over it. It's downright funny.

The insertion of *South Park* into youth culture has never ceased. In it's second decade now, it is still going strong. While the Simpson's may have done everything, or in General Disarray's words, "Simpson's did it! Simpson's did it!" *South Park* sure has covered almost just as much. They have also earned the approval of the Simpson's ever since the "Cartoon Wars" episode that clearly illustrates the mediocrity and stupidity of *Family Guy*. The water cooler at work on a Thursday may have turned into a chat about the new *South Park* episode from the previous night. But however one views the animated show, it must be given credit. Since 1992, Matt Stone and Trey Parker have created a legacy. A legacy of four boys and all their shenanigans.

THIS MONTH IN FILM HISTORY

By Cathleen Burrows

But I'm A Cheerleader

It's hard to be different in American society, especially if you didn't know you were different in the first place. *But I'm a Cheerleader* is the story of a girl who comes to grips with the fact that she is not as normal as she thinks—she's a lesbian. The movie is a satiric look at the way society views homosexuals. Released on Nov. 16, 2000, it was directed by Jamie Babbit and written by Babbit and Wayne Peterson.

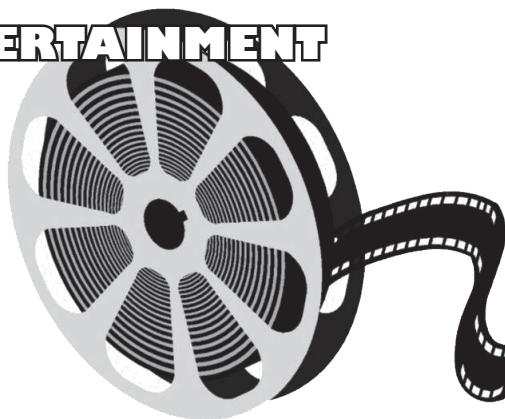
Megan Bloomfield (Natasha Lyonne), is the epitome of the all-American girl, or so she seems. She's a beautiful, blonde cheerleader and dates the captain of the football team. But, Megan doesn't really like to kiss her boyfriend, and only keeps pictures of girls in her locker. This makes her family suspect that she is, in fact, a lesbian. They frantically send her to camp True Directions, which is supposed to help gay people realize that they are actually straight. With the help of her camp friends, like her

But, Megan doesn't really like to kiss her boyfriend, and only keeps pictures of girls in her locker.

love interest, an outspoken girl named Graham Eaton (Clea DuVall), Megan begins to realize and accept the fact that her family might be right about her sexuality.

But I'm a Cheerleader is a hilarious take on a serious issue. The movie itself is very campy and corny, but this is done on purpose to show how stupid prejudice against gay people really is. The movie pokes fun at the ignorance of those who judge others and try to help them change. As a bonus joke, RuPaul steps out of drag and plays a straight, ex-gay, male counselor at the camp. The acting by most, especially Lyonne and DuVall, is great, and the writing is creative. It delivers a good laugh about something a little deeper than boobs and beer—not that those aren't always funny.





Famous Films come to Rutgers

By Michael Keane

Every year, the NJ Film Festival brings both influential and provocative films to Rutgers. The screenings are easily accessible for students, and to make it unique, there are occasional guests at the conclusion of the screening—whether it is a director or writer or someone associated with the film. Started by Al Nigrin, a Cinema Studies professor here at Rutgers and an internationally recognized media artist, the festival allows for students to view films either not well known or perhaps long forgotten. Nigrin and his festival has brought another aspect of art to Rutgers, and both the origins of the festival as well as the foundation are worth looking at.

What initially motivated you to start the Festival?

When I came to Rutgers in 1980, all that was really offered were second runs of blockbusters. I was a TA, and invested my own money, in the Fall of '82. We showed films for free. In the basement of Campbell, I think. We showed *Metropolis*. These were films that I wanted to see. Back then, there was no DVD, no VHS. The only way you could see movies was to rent 16mm versions. We showed *Daughters of the Dust* in 1991. It's directed by Julie Dash, and it deals with women's issues, but it wasn't playing in New Jersey. At that point, we were moving from just screening revivals to screening revivals and first-run films. We would have double bills at the State Theater. We were there from 1993 to 1999. The fellow who took over in '99 wasn't interested in film. We used to show a different movie every night, but it's always evolving. We now show a different movie every night of the weekend in the summer.

When I was a Freshman in 2004, the University had speakers like Ralph Nader, Noam Chomsky, and David Cobb. We haven't really had names like that this election season. You screened *Murder, Spies & Voting Lies* a few weeks ago, and I know you want to show *I.O.U.S.A.* next semester. Do you feel a sense of responsibility to show some political films, particularly in the election season?

Absolutely. *Murder, Spies & Voting Lies* continues a long-standing tradition of showing movies that are timely. As a non-profit, we have to stay impartial, and we've shown some right-wing stuff also, although a lot of it is crap. We were

thinking about showing the John Kerry Vietnam documentary, but I didn't think that was great either. We showed a series of films by Robert Greenwald, and one about the contested 2000 election. We always try to do that in the Fall, and in an election year, more so.

What do you think about these "fictional biographies?" I know it's not out yet, but the idea behind a movie like Oliver Stone's *W.*

You mean a docudrama. Usually I like the documentaries better. A docudrama becomes a movie that's trying to sell tickets. A documentary has real information about a person. Films like *JFK*, *Malcolm X*, they all have redeeming qualities to a certain extent, but I hold documentaries in higher regard. I saw Oliver Stone on Larry King, talking about his movie...it's based on bestsellers over the last few years, like Robert Woodward's book...most of the dialogue is made-up.

Is it good entertainment? Most have an agenda; they're nostalgic for a certain time period. If, IF, a person sees a movie like that, and is then motivated to go and do his own research...but rarely, rarely, do people want to learn more. Even something like *Becoming Jane*, "what Jane Austen was really like"—we'll never know what she was really like! There will never be a documentary of Jane Austen.

A lot of filmmakers visit the festival. Are there any guests that stand out to you in particular?

Scorsese came in '94. He came for nothing. He made a couple K for us. Paul Morrissey came— he directed *Chelsea Girls* with Warhol. Todd Solondz came, too. Bill Plympton came, and he's an

absolute sweetheart, he's taken it upon himself to promote his work. Donn Pennebaker— he made *Don't Look Back*— he's come three or four times. He's a big fan of the program.

Let's say you find yourself unexpectedly stranded at a Loews Multiplex. Here are three movies that are showing there currently. *Blindness*, *Miracle at St. Anna* and *Quarantine*. Which one do you go to? *Miracle at St. Anna* is directed by Spike Lee, *Quarantine* is a handheld camera horror movie...

Right... The Spike Lee movie. I know it's sort of his anti-Clint Eastwood movie, but the others are good for sixteen year-olds who want some thrills and chills. I think *Miracle at St. Anna* is based on a true story, so there's another docudrama, although all three movies have been trashed. There's not a lot I'm really dying to see right now, maybe *Burn After Reading* by the Cohen brothers...

I loved *No Country For Old Men*.

I thought it was very good. I was more partial to *There Will Be Blood*, stylistically. A lot of people have compared it to *The Golem*. Do you know what that is?

No.

Google it. It's based on a Jewish legend about a monster who ravages a town.

Anything already planned for next semester?

The Super 8 Festival, and a free screening of *I.O.U.S.A.* That's all I know right now. I normally do a lot of Oscar-y stuff, but the Super 8 Festival is always a big part of the Spring season.



DARK DREAMS At the ZIMMERLI

By Daniel Larkins



Voorhees Zimmerli Art Museum's exhibit *Dark Dreams: The Prints of Francisco Goya*.

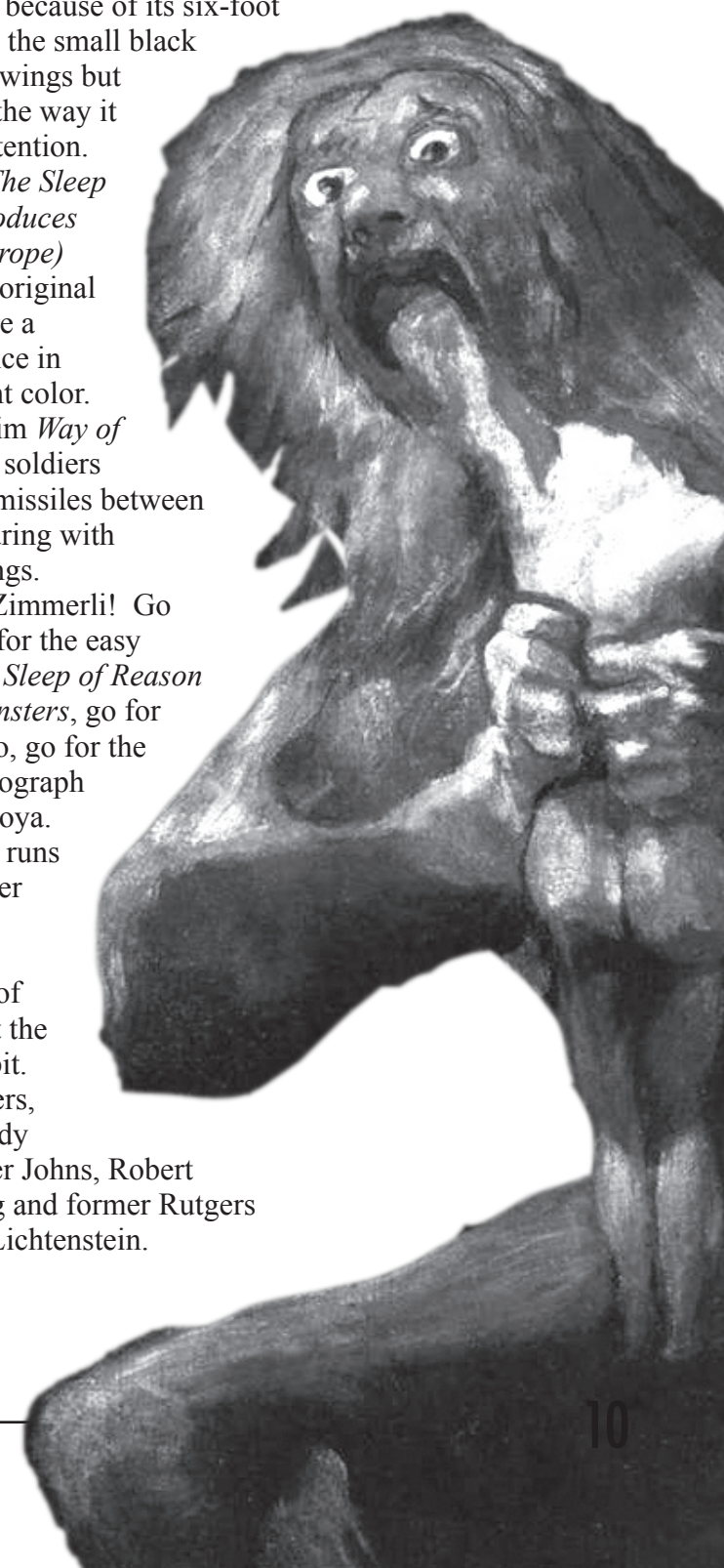
Goya broke tradition with his high level of experimentation. He not only demonstrated innovative use of lithography but also created works such as frescos, prints, drawings, mix media, aquatint, etchings, tapestry and oil on canvas. According to Art Historian Lisandra Estevez, Goya's work was both technically and thematically unique including experimentation with watercolor on ivory.

His work is partially a product of political turmoil; a reflection of Enlightenment society at a time in Spain that was fraught with troubles. Goya grappled with some of the same issues we face today such as war, class struggle, and religion. Los Caprichos (The Caprices) has a dualistic meaning for Goya. The series includes unconventional works that emit strong desires, both fanciful and sorrowful. Los Caprichos criticizes superstition, the wealthy and tradition. His series Los Disparates (The Follies) is a dark and sometimes funny critical illustration of the follies of European upper-classes.

Dark Dreams satirize Spanish society in Goya's day as well as thematically mirroring relevant contemporary issues. Professor Estevez notes, "Goya is the last old master and the

first modern." Goya inspired many artists, with some of whom he shares the display. Pablo Picasso, (who years later witnessed the disasters of war and political turmoil in Spain), Enrique Chagoya, and Yinka Shonibare each share the exhibit walls with Goya. Shonibare's stunning color photograph is hard to miss not only because of its six-foot height among the small black and white drawings but also because the way it commands attention. Shonibare's *The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters (Europe)* gives Goya's original sleeping figure a new appearance in size and bright color. Chagoya's grim *Way of Flying* shows soldiers soaring with missiles between their legs, soaring with parachute wings.

Visit Zimmerli! Go for Goya, go for the easy access to *The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters*, go for a little Picasso, go for the fantastic photograph inspired by Goya. *Dark Dreams* runs until December 14, 2008. If Spanish art is not your cup of tea, check out the Pop Art exhibit. Amongst others, it features Andy Warhol, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg and former Rutgers student Roy Lichtenstein.





The '80s were never quite famous for their horror movies. Molly Ringwald, yes, but horror? Not so much. Yet the decade did result in *The Toxic Avenger*, a low budget cult classic by the company that goes by the name of Troma.

Troma Entertainment has been producing independent horror and gore themed films since the '70s, with *The Toxic Avenger* series as their most well known. It is not a popular movie, but its fans are loyal and similar to those cult followers of movies such as *Monty Python* and *Rocky Horror*. The original *Toxic Avenger* was released in 1985, with the enthusiasm of dedicated Troma and Toxie fans leading to three sequels.

Yet, here we are, more than 20 years after its initial debut, and *The Toxic Avenger* is making a comeback- only this time Toxie is charming live audiences in *The Toxic Avenger Musical* at New Brunswick's George Street Playhouse

The new play is obviously different from the original movie, but it follows the same plot: a bullied loser gets thrown into a vat of toxic waste and seeks revenge upon the pollutants and bullies of the world. And, to the relief of Toxie-fans everywhere, there was no lack of violent mutilations. In one shocking scene, Toxie literally tears two bullies limb from limb, proceeding to then beat the duo with their own arms and legs. While this is a gruesome scene in the film, the live interpretation of it just adds to the excitement and hilarity the staged performance already brings.

Some may wonder as to whether or not hardcore Troma fans will be disappointed with this new twist on their beloved tale, but it seems unlikely. The song and dance numbers are all rock songs, given that special '80s vibe from original Bon Jovi member David Bryan. The songs hold true to the slight raunchiness of the film with its inappropriate song titles, suggestive dance moves, and foul language.

“**TOXIE LITERALLY TEARS TWO
BULLIES LIMB FROM LIMB,
TO THEN BEAT THE
OWN**”



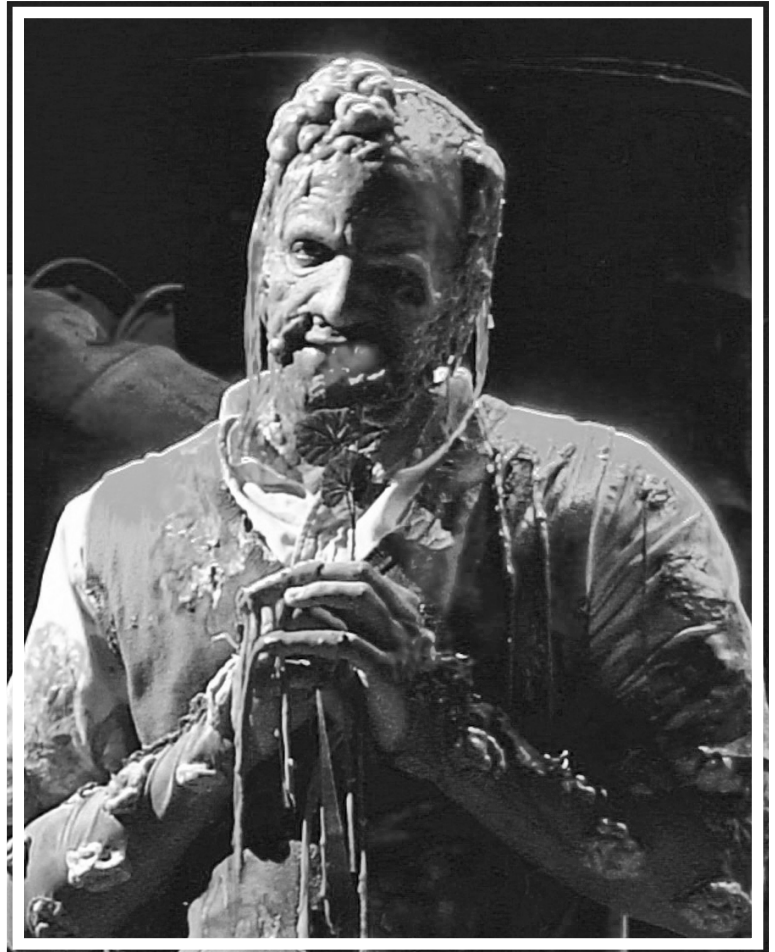


BASED ON LLOYD KAUFMAN'S "THE TOXIC AVENGER"

TOXIC AVENGER MUSICAL

The witty dialogue and quick costume changes make it a show for audiences of all ages. In reality, though, this play is for the Troma fans. It's for the little boys from 1985 who would sneak around and watch the gory original, and for the teenagers who sat around on Friday nights watching Toxie-marathons. The Toxic Avenger Musical is the perfect way to take that long stroll down memory lane, but most of all it's the perfect recipe for good entertainment: music, humor, romance, and, of course, lots and lots of violence.

-Ellie LoBello



**PROCEEDING
DUO WITH THEIR
ARMS AND LEGS.**





I was idly watching television the other night, multitasking with my laptop in front of me. The TV provided welcome background noise for the otherwise empty room. *Gossip Girl* was on commercial break, giving me the opportunity to check my email.

The TV, however, was nagging me. Underneath the sounds of chainsaws, protesting humans and police sirens, the familiar strains of a song poked at my ears. I switched my attention five feet to my left, barely focusing on the television screen.

I was watching a commercial for HSBC Direct, an online bank. It featured a woman protesting the logging of a forest, and being arrested for her actions. A logger comes to bail her out of jail. And behind all of this action, I realized what song I was hearing: Joanna Newsom's "Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie."

Let's not even worry about what logging (and its protesting) has to do with HSBC Direct; we'll get there soon enough. Instead, why did the PR folks over at HSBC decide to use Newsom's song? The song has nothing to do with logging and/or banking!

The version of "Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie" featured is the second track from 2007 EP *Joanna Newsom & The Ys Street Band*. (Most listeners are familiar with the song's first incarnation on 2004 LP *The Milk-Eyed Mender*.) Newsom sings, "There are some mornings when the sky looks like

a road/ There are some dragons who were built to have and hold/ And some machines dropped from great heights lovingly..." Newsom is known for her arcane and puzzle-box lyrics, and this song is obviously no



WOULD YOU LIKE A SIDE OF

HARP WITH THOSE FRIES?

ANALYZING INDIE COMMERCIALIZATION

By LISETTE VOYTKO

different. What kind of meaning can be assigned to this?

In a 2005 interview with Triple J, Newsom talks about the interpretation of her music. "The thing I don't like is when it seems...one particular listener has across the board interpreted every song to mean something innocuous and innocent and superficial...it's disturbing to me on a grand scale," said Newsom. This response makes me wonder why she allowed HSBC Direct to license her music. What kind of interpretation can a bank draw from "Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie"?

In a different interview with now-defunct *irLondon*, Newsom states "I would definitely allow a song on a food ad. I can wholeheartedly stand behind foods, food products." But this is a world where (as we all know very well) money is scarce and the life of a musician such as Newsom isn't glamorous or profitable. The possible correlation between Newsom's music and HSBC Direct might be drawn with the woodland imagery in her

songs (animals, shellfish, the night sky.) As such, Newsom made the economical decision: permit HSBC Direct to use her song, make a little dough. I can't blame the lady for that.

After all, the woman in the commercial attempts to save the very environment from which Newsom draws her inspiration. But in the end, the commercial is for a bank, and a bank is a business like any other. The old saying "It isn't personal, it's business" comes to mind. Business decisions are always made with the same goal: generating profit.

Perhaps that's what Newsom meant about a dragon to have and hold.

Barack ROCK MUSIC

By Elizabeth Plaugic

One way to kick-start a political fundraiser is to hire an overenthusiastic speaker to champion the qualities of his candidate like a gospel preacher. Another is to let a hairy man in a spandex Wonder Woman outfit take the stage and mock your opponent. When organizing a fundraiser for presidential hopeful Barack Obama, Matt Friedberger of The Fiery Furnaces opted for the latter route. The Barack Rock Benefit on October 7 took place at the Music Hall of Williamsburg in Brooklyn, and brought 5 1/2 hours of music and comedy to the aptly-named Stage for Change.

The event began with spandex-clad comedian Seth Herzog, who set the tone for the onslaught of Sarah Palin-mockery that would occur continuously throughout the night, and was followed by a show-stopping array of pro-Obama comedians and musicians. Some big names in the lineup were: Guster, The Fiery Furnaces, Eugene Mirman and Andrew Bird.

I knew before he even walked onstage that comedian Eugene Mirman was going to be hilarious. I was lucky enough to interview Eugene through e-mail, and he gave me his opinion of political fundraisers: "It's a way to inspire people to get involved and register them to vote, plus they can flirt with each other while yelling political catchphrases. You haven't made love till you've made love at a political fundraiser." And although Mirman stuck with the political theme present in the previous comedic acts, he managed to keep it original and entertaining, unlike some others. Of course there was some Sarah Palin ridicule, but there was also a hilarious tale of Eugene's ejection from the Republican National Convention. He was escorted out by the Secret Service because he was cooking a chicken in the pocket of his hunting vest (long story, but sounds hilarious, doesn't it?). Eugene had the honor of announcing the "super-secret musical guest performance" – Scottish phenoms Franz Ferdinand were in the building and ready to play.

Clad in preppy sweaters and floppy haircuts, the boys of Franz Ferdinand would have made Obama proud. The entire performance was enjoyable, from start to finish. I wasn't a big Franz Ferdinand fan to begin with, and I can't really claim to be a fan now, but my opinion of them has improved because of this night. I expected them to provide some fun, dance-y music, and they did, but they did more than that. Franz Ferdinand was somewhat able to reenergize the fatigued crowd. The

stage was enveloped in blue light, creating a space-agey atmosphere. Singer Alex Kapranos channeled Ian Curtis, dancing spastically and draping himself on the mic stand for support. Energy emanated from every member of the band; even while playing "Take Me Out," they didn't seem the least bit tired of the song that may have them labeled as a one-hit wonder. And the crowd wasn't tired of it either. It was clear that "Take Me Out" was the one song every audience member was waiting to hear. As soon as

Clad in preppy sweaters and floppy haircuts, the boys of Franz Ferdinand would have made Obama proud

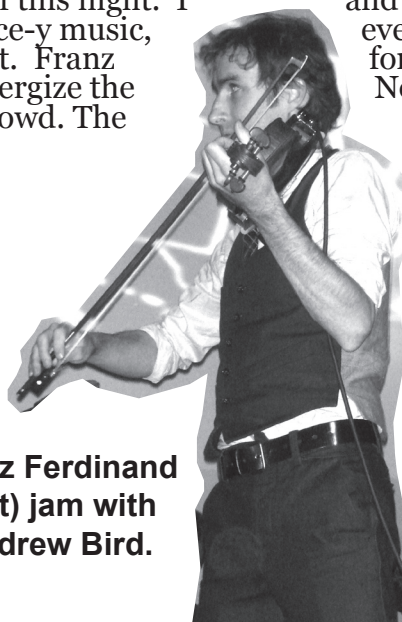
Kapranos began to sing the opening line, the audience was right along with him, and followed through until the song was finished.

The audience was ready for multi-instrumentalist Andrew Bird to end the night with a bang. He opened with "What Happens When Two Substances Collide," and followed with amazing song after amazing song. His eyes half closed, Bird would switch seamlessly from violin to guitar in a matter of seconds. He danced jerkily, as if being shot, and then leaned in close to the microphone to whistle. His voice is amazing, smooth and rough at the same time, but he could put on an incredible show just by whistling. Two songs into Bird's set, off came his shoes and the audience went nuts. There was just something about watching this tall, lanky man, his hair a wild mess, dancing around in socks, that was irresistible. He had the crowd mesmerized. Bodies swayed and heads bobbed in an almost robotic fashion. The atmosphere in the dark room was close to euphoric. Bird finished with the upbeat and crowd-pleasing "Fake Palindromes." When the soothing, almost angelic music stopped, and the harsh lights came on, I felt as if I had just been forced back into reality against my will.

The night had its highs and lows, good jokes and bad. There were times when a set seemed too long, and others that just weren't long enough. But the event sold out and raised an estimated \$23,000 for the Obama campaign. I guess we'll find out on November 5 if it was all worth it.



Franz Ferdinand (left) jam with Andrew Bird.



folk-rock group from Austin, Texas, began to deviate from the ominous, somber tones of older albums like *Don't Fall in Love with Everyone You See* and *Black Sheep Boy*. *The Stage Names* and *The Stand Ins*, released in 2007 and 2008 respectively, go in a more upbeat, pop direction, but without losing the

cordion was pulled out for "Okkervil River Song," however, the recognitions flowed. Interestingly, the band chose to end the show with "Westfall," a first-person narrative about murdering a girl. It's always slightly disturbing to hear hundreds of people enthusiastically scream, "And when I killed her, it was so easy/that I wanted to kill her again."

The openers should not go unmentioned here; Black Joe Lewis and the Honey Bears began at eight, and really set the tone for the entire night. This blues/rock eight-piece was all dressed up, with some members in three-piece suits. To use the word "energetic" to describe their performance would be doing the band a great disservice. The hilariously profane ballad "Bitch, I Love You,"

OKKERVIL RIVER LIVE: ENERGY WITH A PURPOSE

By Amanda Lee

It's always slightly disturbing to hear

hundreds of people enthusiastically scream,

'And when I killed her, it was so easy /that I wanted to kill her again.'



If you've never had the chance to see Okkervil River live, you might have thought you were at the wrong venue on Oct. 7. Expecting a calm, heart-felt performance from Will Sheff, their thin, bespectacled, messy-mousy-haired frontman, I was not prepared for the crazy energy and charisma he emanated onstage at Webster Hall.

On their last two albums this

essential, magnetic, narrative qualities

that are so dear to Okkervil River.

The perpetual smiles on the faces in the crowd should not only be attributed to Sheff's unrelentingly kick-ass performance, but also to the fact that only five songs in the set were released before '07. Songs like "Black" and "The Latest Thoughts," arguably the band's poppiest songs before last year, sent everyone into a cheering frenzy. Despite the raucous, I was captivated by Sheff's lyrical prowess, which remained front and center throughout the high-energy show.

During the three-song encore, the spotlight shown mostly on Sheff, leaving much of the band invisible and unnoticed. Once the ac-

was probably the most memorable.

Despite its excellence, the show was not sold out. Okkervil River did not come on stage until 10, but the place felt alive well before that. Black Joe Lewis and the Honey Bears spun the amped crowd into dizzied elation, and it was easy to see Okkervil River feeding off their energy. Although Will Sheff might have been punching it out like a rock star, each word he sang hung in the air like bubbles of real emotion.



STUFFED IN THE

SEAL CLUB

BASEMENT:

BY DAVE ROTHSTADT

The night Seal Club was born, its lead singer severed off a piece of his left index finger while making a puppet. Sitting in the third floor lounge of Rutgers' Demarest Hall, Connor Walsh snipped away just enough for a nice trip to the hospital. "It took eight men to stop the bleeding," guitarist Ed Vasconcellos III said. Returning to the dorm that evening with a finger full of stitches, Walsh jumped in front of his piano instead of calling it a night. "To this day I have a strange feeling on the side of it," Walsh said, "and there's a stain on the wall in the lounge."

A year later, the whimsical yet gory circumstances surrounding the group's formation continue to be a running theme through the music of Seal Club. A self-described "pop" group, the band's eclectic assortment of instrumental know-how, multi-genre influences and combination of anxious lyrics with upbeat melodies create a parade of fun at every show. "We play what's nice and we make it nicer," Vasconcellos said.

Walsh, who previously wrote most of the songs prior to entering college, has a tendency to trade in his keyboard for an accordion or glockenspiel to accompany his vocals. "I recorded a lot of the songs in my room during a depressed time in my life," he said, "but they have taken on so much life now that I play them with my crew."

Rhythm guitarist James Brehm has a constantly growing collection of FX pedals and instruments, ranging from whistles and harmonicas to singing saws. "When he plays the saw, it's delectable," Walsh said. "The harmonica...not so much."

For bassist Thomas VonHalle, the group decided that though it would mean a lot of heavy lifting, an upright bass was essential to their sound. "I had previous experience playing with Tom back in

high school, and I knew what I was looking for," Walsh said, speaking of his work with ska group The Skautopsies. "It has a robust sound and I thought it would mesh well with my vocal melodies and Ed's 'unique' rock sound."

"I play the rock," Vasconcellos added. "Well, I call it 'the rock'..."

Rounding out the group is drummer Michael Pechter and the Club's resident chanteuse, Nneka. "If we were being attacked by a lion, she could put it to sleep," Vasconcellos said.

Though the Club spent the past year formulating a solid set list in basements and garages around the city, they have no plans to record anytime soon. "The thought hasn't crossed our minds," Walsh said. "We're into not caring and throwing a good party."

Walsh and VonHalle, current residents of Meat Town USA, are not worried about their lack of an actual album affecting their popularity as a live band.

"We've tried having bad shows. We've even tried not publicizing, but people still show up," VonHalle said.

"We don't have the power to play bad," Walsh added.

Make sure to check out their amazing infallibility Nov. 14 at Meat Town USA, featuring Quiet Hooves, and the epic return of Screaming Females.





MUSIC

of Montreal Live:

OR

Insane Theatricality Involving Horses, Ninjas, and Sparkly Frontman in Gold Booty Shorts, Among Other Ridiculous Things.

Kevin Barnes, frontman—or ringmaster, depending on if you’ve seen the circus that is of Montreal live—is what you’d get if David Bowie, Prince, Freddie Mercury, and Madonna were backed up by the Beatles. Midway through the band’s Oct. 10 show at Roseland Ballroom in New York City, Barnes left the stage only to return seconds later clad in nothing but tiny, gold booty shorts riding a large, white horse...I implore you to see this band live.

The Georgia-based band is known for feel-good, psychedelic, indie pop you can dance to (and



that Outback Steak-house commercial featuring their song “Wraith Pinned to the Mist (And Other Games)” which was turned into the jingle “Let’s go Outback tonight/ Life will still be there tomorrow.”) so you would think ridiculous stage antics would be unnecessary, as the music is good enough to stand on its own. But it’s obvious Barnes is reveling in the attention on stage and having the

time of his life. And after all, don’t backup dancers consisting of machine gun wielding ninjas and cowboys in assless chaps make things more fun? If you shook your head no, of Montreal may not be the band for you.

The band played a fair mix of both old and new material, but understandably most songs came from their newest creation, *Skeletal Lamping*, an album with elements

of glam rock, disco, and soul. The songs are notably more sexual with the lyrics coming from Barnes’ gender bending alter ego, Georgie Fruit. (Thirty-four year-old Barnes has a wife and daughter). The set opened with the new song “Id Engager” in which Barnes sings “Ladies, I’m screaming out to you from the depths of this phallogentric tyranny.” Songs “She’s a Rejector” from *Hissing Fauna*, *Are You the*

Article and Photos By
Marissa Graziadio

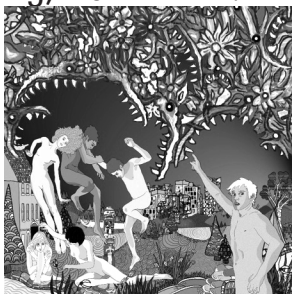
Destroyer?, “Eros’ Entropic Tundra,” and “Disconnect The Dots” from *Satanic Panic in the Attic* were well received, and their cover of Nirvana’s “Smells Like Teen Spirit” with special guest Andrew VanWyngarden of MGMT made for a nice surprise encore song.

While those in attendance sang along and danced like mad, Barnes changed costumes numerous times from behind a screen emerging with absurd props and masked dancers. (Just a few examples: religious robes equipped with his very own nun, a bathrobe with fuzzy slippers, a centaur costume, and body paint rubbed on by dancers.) Toward the end of this theatrical circus of a show, after he was “hung” from a noose, a shaving cream covered Barnes burst out of a coffin, jumping into the audience screaming, “I want a hug!” The circus ain’t got nothin’ on that.

of Montreal's "Skeletal Lamping"

By Thom Prewett

On their follow up to 2007's *Hissing Fauna Are You the Destroyer?*, of Montreal dive in and explore the sexually confused psyche of frontman Kevin Barnes and deliver to us *Skeletal Lamping*, their ninth LP.



While it is essentially an addictive pop album with intricate dance beats, it has a very abstract structure of drastic twists and turns. Most songs on *Skeletal Lamping* are composed of many short segments that are segued together with seamless transitions.

The second track "Wicked Wisdom" is certainly one of those songs. It opens with an ambitious line from Barnes repeating, "I'm a mother-fucking headliner, bitch, you don't even know it," but this introduction is quickly whisked away by electronic drums and distorted synth tones to keep the album on the constant move.

However, the album's last track and first single "Id Engager" anchors it with a sense of structure and a catchy pop chorus for those who can't handle the psychedelic exploration of the rest of the record. As the album progresses in its free flowing format, Barnes reveals much of his confusion pertaining to relationships, sexuality, and gender through crudely honest lyrics and his cross-dressing alter ego, Georgie Fruit.

It is the Georgie Fruit lyrical content which may make some listeners a bit uncomfortable as he describes poisoned sexuality and desired sex changes in songs "St. Exquisite's Confessions." Overall, there is tons of addictive content going on in *Skeletal Lamping* to keep the album in your headphones for months.

Deerhoof's "Offend Maggie"

By Ben Sugarman

Through more than a decade, Deerhoof has retained its unique ability to create perhaps the most bizarre pop songs in modern music. Their most recent release, *Offend Maggie*, is full of songs fitting this description- pop music drawing from noise, improv, electronica, folk and straight-up rock. Where listeners found themselves lost among the intense



improvisation of past Deerhoof albums, *Offend Maggie* provides a catchy, concise demonstration of the band's signature weirdness.

Offend Maggie kicks off with "The Tears and Music of Love," a song which sounds like Led Zeppelin playing the theme for "The Powerpuff Girls." A heavy snare hit opens the song, along with a 60's guitar riff giving way to singer Satomi Matsuzaki's gentle wooing that could be mistaken for English, French, or Japanese. I say "mistaken" because the lyrics are virtually indecipherable after endless listens. In all likelihood, Matsuzaki is singing "la-la's" as much as she does real words.

The band doesn't always play with different sounds, often delivering very straightforward, poppy songs. "Chandelier Searchlight" builds its verses off a simple bass line and soft drum roll, later descending into an insanely catchy chorus. "Don't Get Born" follows this mold, featuring Matsuzaki's sweetest vocals on the album over a lone acoustic guitar. Likewise, "Snoopy Waves" evokes Crooked Rain-era Pavement, augmenting a pop song with tinges of noise and experimentation.

While *Offend Maggie* is likely the band's strongest effort, the album's second half falls short of expectations set by earlier songs. "Eaguru Guru" provides a change of pace as the fastest track on the album, but its on-off-on structure doesn't fit well among the other tracks. Where "Eaguru Guru" at least shows some interesting instrumentation, the last two songs "Numina O" and "Jagged Fruit" hardly deliver.

At first listen, *Offend Maggie* can be a lot to take in. But, it's undeniable that Deerhoof is capable of taking the inaccessible and turning it into pop music both innovative and captivating. If there was ever a time to listen to this band, it is now.

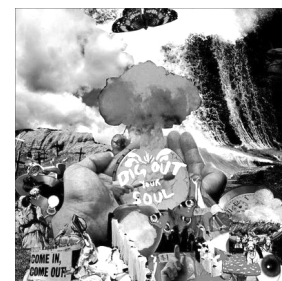
Oasis' "Dig Out Your Soul"

By Catherina Petrocchia

MUSIC



Oasis has come back a seventh time with a new album. *Dig Out Your Soul*, which dropped Oct. 7, is a true example of Oasis's passion for making music. The band, lead by brothers Liam and Noel



Gallagher along with Andy Bell and Gem Archer, has put out an album of melodic rock songs reminiscent of their earlier work.

"Bag it Up" opens the album with a more inviting, pop approach, but "Soldier On" closes with an alternative rock sound that shows Oasis's ability to stretch their spectrum of musical choices. "I'm Outta Time" is a lullaby for rock lovers with a slow rhythm and light guitar solos. The inspirational and memorable lyrics reflect those from their album *Definitely, Maybe*. "Keep on keepin' on," Liam sings. "The Shock of Lightning" relates to its name with electrifying intro, steady rock guitar and tight percussion.

The album presents instrumental creations with interesting, intriguing songs that could make any new listener a fan. But what was important for Oasis was to keep their fans interested, and they did. This Beatle-esque album stays true to Oasis's roots, but has branched out to fit into the same genre as "Across the Universe." *Dig Out Your Soul* is an experiment that turned out to be a success for Oasis and a pleasure for their fans.



Dinosaurs, and a Topic that is Wildly Disputed

By Eliot Madness

I like to believe in ghosts. On an average day, I am more than willing to entertain the idea that paranormal forces in the form of spirits can loom in and effect our natural breathing world. After all, the five senses (sight, sound, taste, touch, and smell) can only detect exactly the stimuli that they correspond with and nothing else. We've sure come a long way with technology! Yet for all the satellites, wires and radio waves cleverly developed, humans, unlike insects, Earth's wise survivors, were not granted a set of antenna or any other extra-sensory adaptors. Only the bland and biological familiar five, dedicated to our familiar brain and the spinal chord super highway.

Totally undetectable phenomena could be occurring in front of or around us at all times. Some philosophers may consider these events to actually be taking place in alternate or parallel dimensions, but that is not of chief concern here. I am interested primarily in the things happening right here in this world that common folks can not identify, some of which could possibly involv-

ing the former life sparks and spirit energy of past and future beings.

A good friend of mine, singer song writer Les Vinyl, was recently asked in an interview what his thoughts were on religion. He responded simply, "Ghosts." It was a quick-witted yet thoughtful response. Ghosts pervade many cultures; many people seem to display some belief in the superstition related to ghosts. In some parts of the world, people are known to worship spirits, often those of nature or ancestors. Universally speaking, ghosts are therefore bigger than any one religion. All humans are probably, and hopefully, linked and inked to each other by some common ideas or thought patterns. People speculate about the soul, and where it will go when the body has died, which, as my aforementioned troubadour friend suggests in his song Ghosts, is likely the same place that it existed before birth, in the pre-life, baby heaven.

I personally welcome the existence of ghosts, the good and the bad. You can't just believe in

mean-spirited ghosts; the universe always works in balance, it can not help itself, it teeters on a fulcrum of endless nothing. Who would protect me from bad ghosts if the good ones didn't exist to fight them off whenever I go down into the basement pantry to fetch rolls of paper towels and cans of beans for my mom?

Lately I have been thinking a lot about happy, good-natured ghosts, and the places or items that they might haunt. I was recently sitting in my friend Scott's off campus residence living room watching him flip through channels when he casually posed a question at me. Without looking away from the television, Scott inquired of me, "Why do only people have ghosts?" Now, Scott Justice is well known among our friends for his seemingly effortless quirky wisdom and occasional comic genius. This particular moment, though, sparked one of my favorite little existentialist conversations of the summer, and lead to the following combined explanation and conclusion. We determined that:

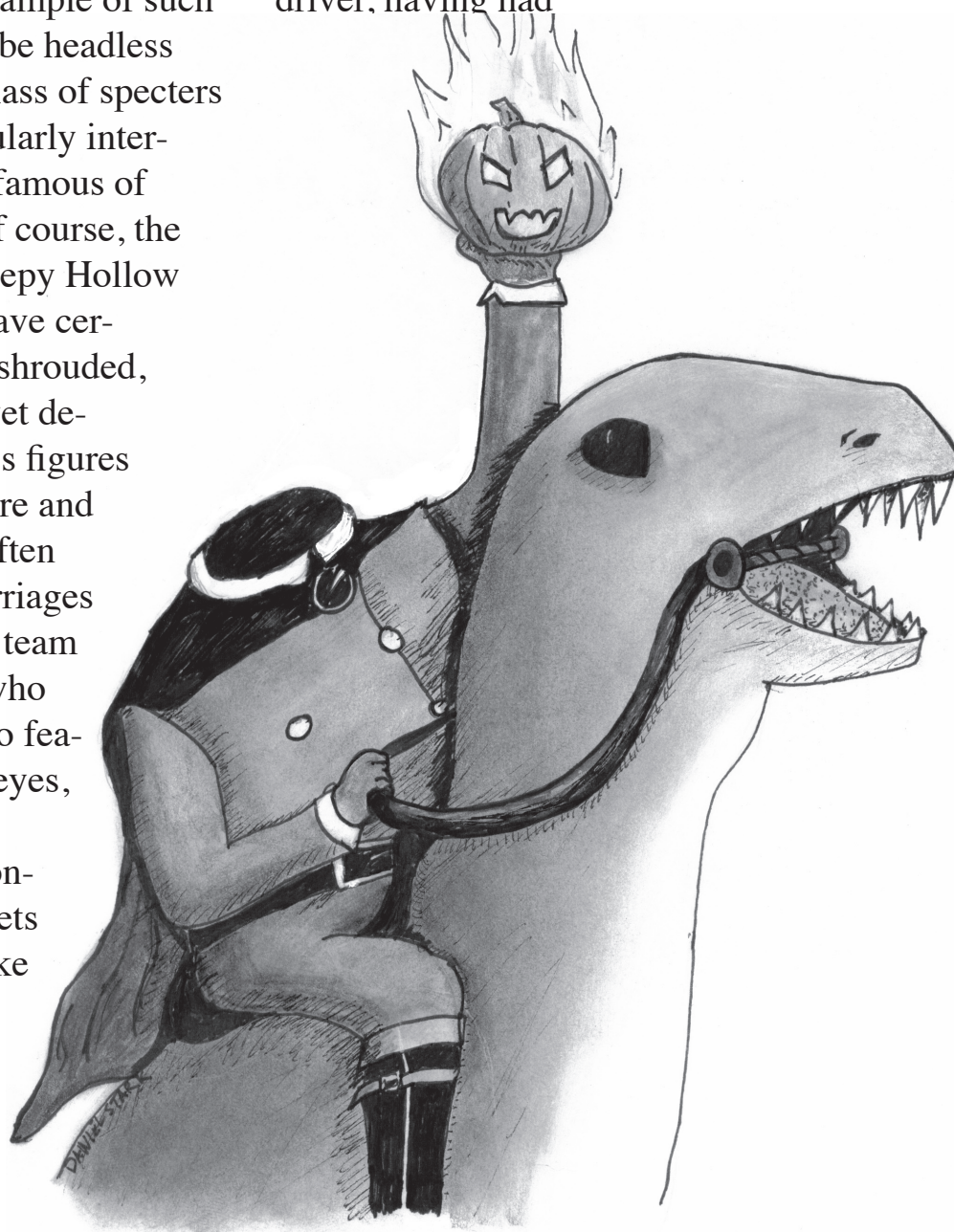
Animals often have ghosts. Many stories describe ghost

dogs or ghost horses, etc. Usually, though not always, the animal ghost is associated with a seemingly dominant person ghost. A prime example of such a scenario would be headless horsemen. This class of specters are, to me, particularly interesting. The most famous of these ghouls is, of course, the rider from the Sleepy Hollow story. But there have certainly been other shrouded, often top-hatted yet decapitated, headless figures depicted in folklore and by Hollywood. Often seen riding on carriages being pulled by a team of ghost horses, who frequently seem to feature glowing red eyes, these apparitions emerge from moonlit foggy side streets and graveyards like chauffeurs to the next bleak life. What is most odd or incredible about this scenario, however, is that even the

carriage seems to have produced a ghost form of itself.

What does this then mean for the existence of souls? This at least indicates that the carriage has been destroyed somehow, perhaps by a fire, since the ghost of the carriage and the actual car-

riage could not both be in existence simultaneously. But that implies that it must have been a very crazy day for that buggy driver, having had



his head removed, and on top of that his buggy destroyed and all of his horses murdered, allowing them to follow him into the nether-regions. And yet, even though the carriage and horses were granted complete spirit reflections of their former physi-

cal beings, the man ghost has been doomed to roam the earth without a head! And why does this broad-shouldered fellow feel compelled to continue whipping these horses in order to motivate them? He is occasionally known to do so after all, with his ghost whip. It makes one wonder what purpose these demon ponies could possibly have, other than dragging the souls of the damned into the pit, that requires their eternal whipping and general abuse in order to keep on task.

But all of this talk of ghosts and goblins is/was not without purpose or avail. Scott and I discussed these points and others leading up to one slightly brilliant observation or idea for the skeptics and the true believers to ponder and debate. And so, in CONCLU-

SION if animals can produce ghosts, which they clearly can, as indicated by popular fiction, historical and personal accounts, and probably many religious texts, shouldn't there be at least one dinosaur ghost hanging out somewhere?



Once upon a time, a long time ago and a far way away in an enchanted forest, there was a beautiful, blue rose that smelled nicer and looked nicer than any other rose in the world. There was only one rose of its kind and it had never been picked because it grew in the back of a deep, dark cave. Not only was this cave deep and dark, but it was also the home of a terrifying monster that ate children. Any time a child came too near the cave, the monster would run out and eat them. He would start with their legs (first the right one, then the left one) so that they could not run away. Then he would eat their arms (first the left one, then the right one) so that they could not fight. Then he would pick up the rest of them and pop them in his mouth.

And so, the rose remained unpicked and, soon enough, the children of the local village learned not even to try to claim it.

The local village was nestled right on the edge of the enchanted forest and was home to many charming little houses. The smallest house, which sat atop a hill right next to the entrance of the woods, was home to a kindly woodsman and his wife. One day, the woman became pregnant and nine months later, a little girl was born. This little girl was the smallest baby the midwives of the village had ever seen and they were all sure that she wouldn't survive the week. However, her mother stayed up with her night and day and begged the tiny girl to live and somehow, miraculously, she did. The wife and the woodsman named their little girl Elsie.

Unfortunately, while the little girl lived, the emotional strain of worrying about her those first few weeks took their toll on the mother and she became very sick. She was strong like her daughter and fought the illness for three years. When her time finally came, she called Elsie to

her bed to say her goodbyes.

"Now Elsie," she said. "I will not get a chance to raise you properly, so I want you to promise me that you will always be good and do what your elders tell you."

The little girl promised and the mother smiled and gave her a gift; a beautiful, blue broach. And with that, she died.

From that moment on, Elsie followed her late mother's wishes perfectly. Whenever her father would ask her to do chores

want to go against her mother's last wish, so she did it all anyway. And she couldn't complain to her father because the wicked stepmother told her not to.

This went on for months and months until, one day, the stepmother came up with an evil scheme. She realized that, with Elsie still around, her Cecil would never inherit the land, so she began to plot a way to get Elsie out of the picture. Soon she hatched a plan. The next day, the stepmother called Elsie to her side.

"Elsie, my dear," she said with an

Obedient Elsie and the Child-Eating Monster

By Jon Bershad

Illustration by Andy Wolf

around the house, she would never complain and fuss like the other children in the village. She would simply do them, no matter what. Because of this, the people of the village began calling her Obedient Elsie.

A few years later, her father began to get very lonely and soon he had found a new woman to marry. Elsie didn't like the thought of someone replacing her mother, but her father asked her to be kind to her new stepmother and, because she was always obedient, Elsie agreed and made a point to be as nice and as welcoming as possible even going so far as to call her "mother" when the woman asked.

However, unbeknownst to Elsie and her father, the stepmother was cruel and heartless and was only marrying the woodsman for his land. She brought with her a son of her own, named Cecil, who was as mean and stupid as Elsie was obedient and together they made poor Elsie's life miserable.

While the woodsman was away chopping trees, the stepmother would tell Elsie to do all of her and Cecil's chores. Elsie knew it wasn't fair, but she didn't

evil grin. "I would very much like that beautiful, blue rose that everyone talks about and I would like you to go pick it for me."

"But that's where the Child-Eating Monster lives," said Elsie. "If I go there I'll surely die!"

"Do you dare disobey me?" the stepmother hissed. "What would your poor mother think?"

And, with that, Elsie sighed and started her walk into the enchanted forest, just as the stepmother knew she would.

After a while, Elsie came to a clearing of the trees. In the clearing there was a big field and, in the field, there lay the cave of the blue rose. As she drew near, Elsie could see that the field was strewn with the bones of countless children who had ventured there before her. Elsie was very scared but she knew she had to complete the task her stepmother had given her, so she kissed her mother's broach for good luck and headed into the clearing.

As she neared the cave, she heard the sound of the monster snoring. She tried very hard to be quiet but, right as she got to the entrance, she stepped on a rib bone of a six year old boy causing it to break in two with a loud snapping noise. In a second the monster was awake and standing before her. He stood 10 feet tall with bright red eyes and teeth sharp enough to bite through iron. Elsie screamed and tried to run away, but the monster grabbed her and lifted her up into the air. He was about to eat her in his normal pattern starting with her legs (first the right one, then the left one) but he realized that she was just too small for his massive fingers to pick apart, so he just ate her whole.

As Elsie sat in the monster's stomach, she grew very sad as she thought about how that was where she would die. However, after a few minutes, she realized that, were she to die, she would never be able to pick the beautiful, blue rose like her stepmother asked and, thusly, would be disobeying her. So, Elsie took her late mother's broach and, using all her strength, stuck the pin through the monster's stomach. The Child-Eating Monster screamed and clawed at his belly but Elsie kept sticking and cutting until she had made a hole big enough for her to climb out of. The monster tried to go after her, but his wounds were too much for him and he toppled over and died.

Elsie wiped all the monster goo off herself and headed into the cave until she came upon the beautiful, blue rose. She had just picked it and placed it in her pocket when she heard a deafening roar coming from deeper in the cave. Suddenly another monster appeared, this one even larger and more fearsome than the first. It was the Child-Eating Monster's mother!

"You killed my son!" the monster screamed. "Now you must pay!"

"Are you going to eat me?" asked Elsie, shaking with fear.

"No," said the monster. "I don't eat children. That's what my son did. I am a Mother-Eating Monster. Now tell me where your mother is!"

Elsie thought that this was probably a bad idea, but she could tell that the Mother-Eating Monster was older than she was and was thus technically her elder, so Elsie told her the directions to her house and the monster set off at once.

Once the monster got to the house, she knocked on the door. Cecil answered and when the monster asked him where his mother was, he answered; not because he was obedient, but because he was stupid and scared. After the monster walked past him, Cecil ran screaming from the house and was never seen again.

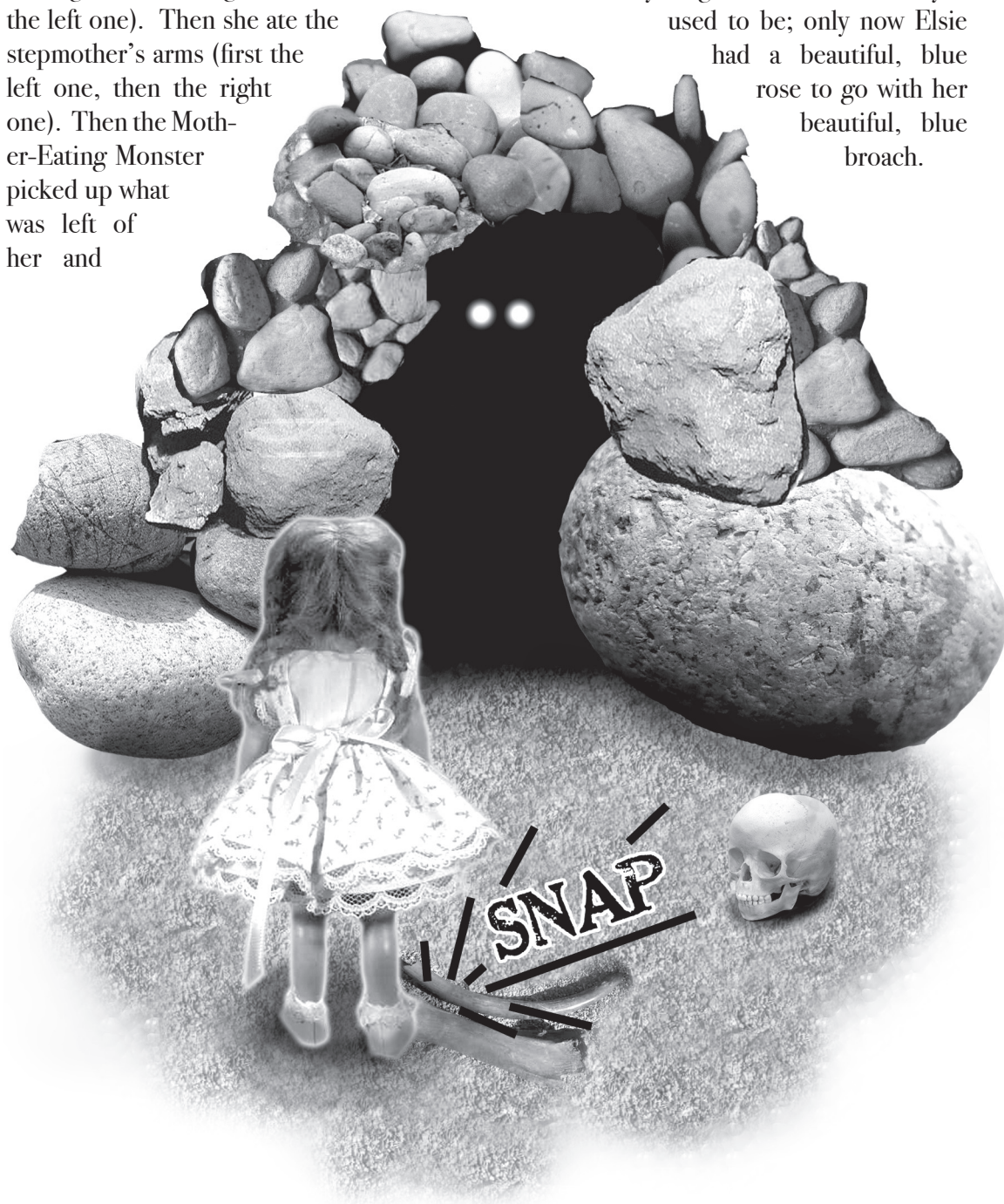
The monster then marched upstairs and found the stepmother where Cecil said she would be; staring into her looking glass. The monster grabbed her and instantly began to devour her. She started with her legs (first the right one, then the left one). Then she ate the stepmother's arms (first the left one, then the right one). Then the Mother-Eating Monster picked up what was left of her and

popped it all in her mouth.

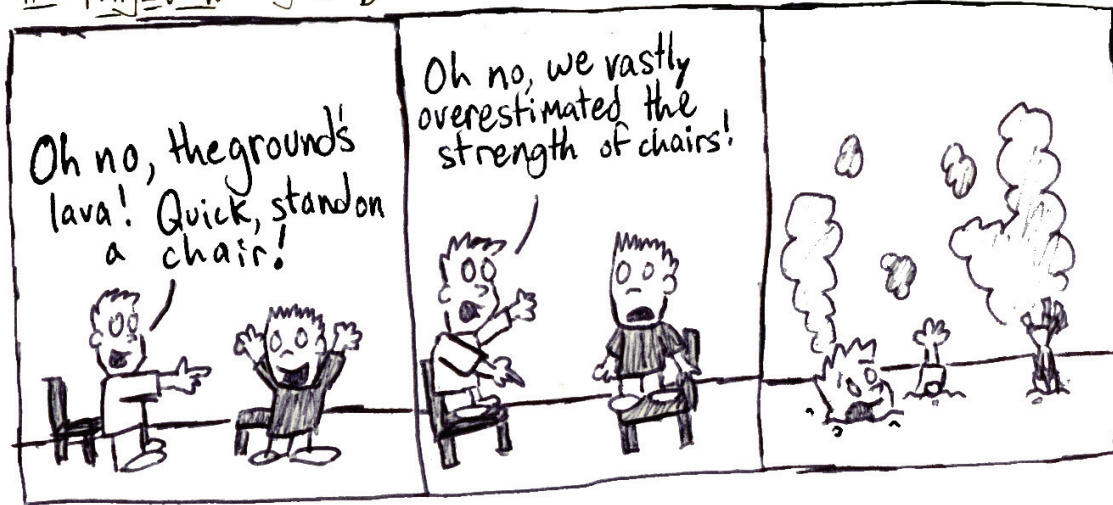
This took no more than 43 seconds to complete, and the wicked stepmother screamed the whole way down.

When the kindly woodsman returned home, he asked his daughter what had happened, and Elsie told him the whole story. He knew she wasn't lying because Obedient Elsie would never lie and so he knew that his new wife had been evil. After they cleaned up the house, Elsie and her father went back

to living happily the way things were before the stepmother had come. Everything was back to the way it used to be; only now Elsie had a beautiful, blue rose to go with her beautiful, blue broach.

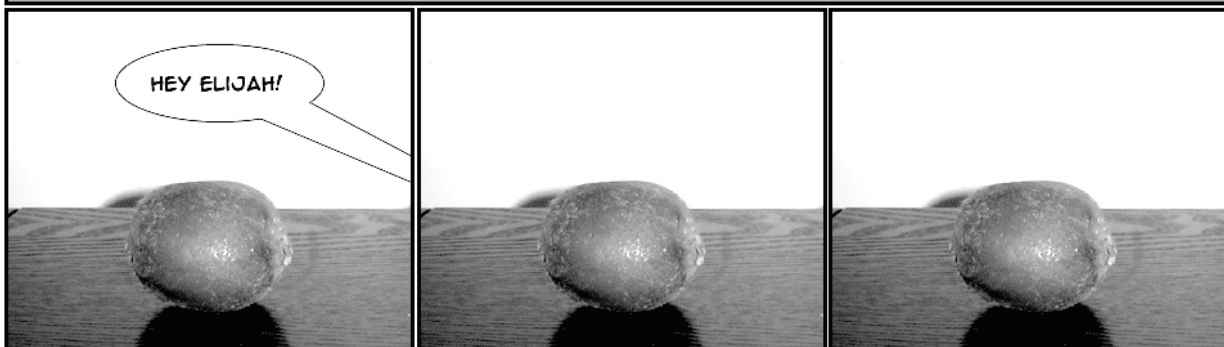


That Thing I Drew by Jon Bershad



National Pastime by Matt Korostoff

THE ADVENTURES OF ELIJAH, THE CLASSICALLY TRAINED GUITARIST WHO FIGHTS CRIME AND IS ALSO HARD OF HEARING.



Interested in being a part of the Rutgers Review?

Really? I mean, that's awesome of you. Oh, what's this? A present? For me? Oh you shouldn't have. I mean, we would've let you lend a hand even if you hadn't OH MY GORSH! A puppy? You got me a puppy? That's the coolest thing anyone's ever given me! I mean, I guess I'll need to take it to the vet and get it some vaccinations and have it neutered and buy food for it, and that'll probably cost a lot...What? You already did all of that? And it's actually a girl? ...It is a girl! And you want to know when you can bring me its lifetime supply of dog food that makes it poop golden nuggets? Well you can just drop it off at one of our

WEDNESDAY meetings at **9:30** in room **411C** of the **Rutgers Student Center!** (or email TheRutgersReview@gmail.com)

WHERE YOU SHOULD BE

- 11/1 Invincible Gods/The Imperialists/ Thomas Francis Takes His Chances @ the Parlor
- 11/6 Drive By Truckers/ The Hold Steady @ Terminal 5
- 11/7 The Measure [sa]/ Bridge and Tunnel/ Little Lungs/ Amateur Party/ Runnamucks @ Meat Town USA
- 11/8 Deer Hunter/ Times New Viking/ Vivian Girls @ Bowery Ballroom
- 11/9 The Mountain Goats/ Kaki King @ Webster Hall
- 11/9 Hot Guts, Shit Fit, Mattress, the Yets, Dog on the Loose @ Meat Town USA
- 11/11 The Decemberists @ The Wellmont Theater (Montclair, NJ)
- 11/13 Full of Fancy and Lemuria @ The Parlor
- 11/14 Rapid Cities/ A Fucking Elephant/ So Is the Tongue/ All Parallels @ The Court Tavern
- 11/14 Screaming Females, Mouser, Quiet Hooves, Seal Club, Dufus @ Meat Town USA
- 11/15 The Odd Couple @ Scott Hall 135
- 11/16 Kings of Leon/ We Are Scientists/ The Whigs @ The Electric Factory (Philly)
- 11/17 Iron and Wine/ Blitzen Trapper @ Terminal 5
- 11/18 The Seafarer @ The George Street Playhouse
- 11/21 Amanda Palmer with Danger Ensemble @ Webster Hall
- 11/22 Craig Robinson @ The Stress Factory
- 11/23 Bishop Allen @ Music Hall of Williamsburg
- 11/26 Sour Patch & more tba @ Meat Town USA
- 11/28 Jim Gaffigan @ Town Hall (NYC)
- 11/29 Greg Giraldo @ The Stress Factory



WTF?IDK! by Dave Rothstadt